

Vol. II — No. 2

# *The Pathfinder*

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AUGUST, 1907

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## Studies in English Romanticism

II.—WILLIAM BLAKE

*By EDWIN WILEY*

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

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With the July number, 1907, *THE PATHFINDER* begins its second volume. We promise to maintain in this the same standard of excellence. During the year the *Old Authors* series, including Malory, Cervantes, Boccaccio, Michelangelo and Abelard, will be continued; a new series of *Literary Portraits*, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Houseman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romantics, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Milton, etc.

It is now impossible to supply volume one; certain numbers are no longer in print.

All new subscriptions *must* begin with number one of volume two.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine *in little* devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*  
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT  
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE  
EDWIN WILRY      } *Associate Editors*

**T**IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The journal must needs be brief. It will contain a series of short essays, a connected run of pithy paragraphs, original poems, selections or translations from the great poets or prose writers, and other available matter of a similar character. In the course of the year special numbers will be given to those men and movements that merit such treatment.

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*  
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT  
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EDWIN WILEY } *Associate Editors*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
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## *AMOR MYSTICUS*

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

When I think of the world and then of you,  
The vast undone, the search unprofitéd,  
The sunny morning when the skies were red,  
The dreary evening when the day was through,  
A luring light that always further drew  
And ended with both strength and courage fled—  
This of the world where every hope was dead,  
And this to one who made the dreams come true.

A slender craft I sent upon the wave,  
The dawn was rosy and my heart was glad,  
Nor thought I then that any storms could be;  
But what the world took strangely back you gave,  
And now I, like a little dream-bound lad,  
See all returned my golden argosy !

*STUDIES IN ENGLISH ROMANTICISM:**By EDWIN WILEY**II.—WILLIAM BLAKE*

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was one day reading in the British Museum, seeking, as he tells us for "stunning words for his rhymes," when he was interrupted by a stranger who informed him that he had an old manuscript which would doubtless be of interest to him. The price demanded was ten shillings, a small amount indeed, yet more than the young poet had at that time.

He glanced at the proffered volume and discovered it to be one of those miracles of art and poetry that William Blake had toiled and prayed over, yet to the world long forgotten. Blake was hardly more than a name to Rossetti, notwithstanding he saw the worth of the thing before him, and rushed to his brother William M. Rossetti from whom he obtained the necessary half-crown, and soon had the treasure upon his bookshelves.

This event marked the renaissance of Blake, for it was a trait of Rossetti to recognize and defend obscure and misunderstood men of genius.

His insight here was not at fault for in this yellowed book he found the stirrings of a vast and primeval art; an art that called both poetry and painting to its expression, and still seemed but half expressed. His enthusiasm was soon transmitted to his brother, without whose aid the remarkable piece of literary biography, Gilchrist's *Life of Blake* would not have been written, and later moved his disciple, Swinburne, to his characteristically perfervid defense of the poet-painter.

The explanation of Rossetti's delight in the discovery of Blake is not difficult; he, too, had rejected the facts of life as he found them nearest to him and had sought in old days and things the light of beauty that never gleamed on the common facts around him. Fiercely rejecting these, he flung himself avidly into the past, finding his joy and solace in the *Gestes* of chivalry or in the haunting refrains of ancient *ballades* and *chansons*.

Rossetti's reversion to Medievalism, while passionate, was nevertheless somewhat self-conscious and predetermined, but that of Blake was intuitive and fundamental. The mysticism that formed so large an element of his genius found in that most mystic of ages its true home and

*milieu.* This it is that makes the phenomenon of this man such an astonishing fact in the history of English literature, for if a man ever found his way into a world of spiritual unfaith and hard materialism it was William Blake. Poetry had given place to soulless word-juggling, and painting had almost become one of the lost arts. Nevertheless when William Blake was born, glimmerings revealed that the night of barren art and literature was beginning to yield to day. Others, too, desparing of finding spirituality in the life around them, were going back to the warm and tender past. Already Bishop Thomas Percy was collecting from the four corners of England early ballads for his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*; MacPherson was shaping the Gaelic myths into the books of Ossian and Fingal; while Thomas Chatterton, then a child of six, was mayhap dreaming of the good knight Canyng and the Monk Rowley in the churchyard of St. Mary-Redcliffe.

The first two, however, were too much a part of their own time to produce work essentially new, and as for the last, he was but a child, with the child's vision and the child's yearning. In Blake, however, we find a personality whose separation from his own time was entire and self-

sought. Yet however much he was influenced, even dominated by the Gothic spirit, to say that Blake was Medieval would be a delimitation of his genius—he was elemental and universal.

His outward career was so unexceptional that it is without great value to the student of his work, save for the light his vigorous denial of his environment throws upon his character. As told by his friend, Alexander Gilchrist, his biography is interesting; indeed, the account of an individual so far removed from the ordinary could not be otherwise, yet without it we should know but little less of the essential Blake who stands revealed in his astonishing works.

This much, however, seems important: he was born in London in a merchandising family, and lived there throughout his entire life, with the exception of three or four years spent in a cottage by the seacoast at Felpham, during which time he occupied himself with cutting wood-engravings for a very minor poet by the name of Hayley. In his twenty-fifth year he married a beautiful but wholly uneducated young girl named Catherine Boucher, who so developed under his influence and tutelage, that she was at last capable of entering into the inner life of this singular man. The union of these two was so

perfect that barring the Brownings, the Hawthornes and perhaps the Rossettis there has been nothing to equal it. Childless, they lived together wholly happy, esteeming themselves rich upon an income that to many would have been poverty.

Just before his death, Blake placed his hand with benediction upon the brow of a young girl who had interested him, blessing her with these words: "The best thing that I can ask for you is that you may be as happy as I have been."

It is clear, therefore, that any endeavor to solve the mystery of Blake by the external facts of his life is destined to failure; his happiness had its roots in things far removed from the objective world. Indeed, had he been dependent upon that world for his joy he would have been the unhappiest man alive, for to him the material things of life were the most unstable and evanescent, and, in that they hindered spiritual activities, wholly demoniac.

Hence the solution of the problem of Blake must be sought within his own subjective world, and to adequately enter into that requires sympathy and courage, wholly lacking in the word-monging stylist and the superficial critic. They could not understand, so they did the next best thing; they called him mad. Their attitude,

however, is just as logical as that of an Englishman who might accuse a Russian of dementia for speaking his own tongue. Blake's language, like that of Hegel, is jargon to the uninitiate, and the one who would discover the shrine of his art must gird up his loins for a journey to a far country.

It is not strange, therefore, that the average reader of verse stops short at Blake's lyrics. These, it is true, are essentially Blakean, yet the very qualities that would impress the commonplace mind are the things that Blake would have set least store upon: their simple beauty, lyric grace, and their appeal to sentiment.

Thus, for reason of their very evident charms, the multitude of the poet's readers have paused at these slight flowers growing at that threshold of his master-work. Of those who have sought further, many have become appalled early in the journey, and have fled in amazement, returning to cry out "Mad!" Others have gone on bravely and doubtlessly, bewildered by the apparently chaotic fabric of the poet's house of art, yet glimpsing here and there of beauties that amaze and thrill. A few, indeed have explored to the uttermost, and assert that they have wrested his secret from him. What they say,

however, is often not more lucid than Blake himself, yet from them, this much we learn, that those who have studied most are the last ones to cry "Mad Blake!"

That Blake's prophetic books offer almost insuperable difficulties there can be no question, and it is an enthusiastic spirit that can traverse the infinite spaces and depths of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *The Book of Los*, *Jerusalem*, *Milton* and *Vala* and be assured of their ultimate meanings. As is the case with Whitman, splendid poetry is found side by side with verse that is little more than doggerel; voids of enigmatic darkness are made all the more black by iridescent stars of beauty and truth. Symbol, allegory and bald fact are thrown together in a most amazing way, yet which if negligible as parts, nevertheless unite in forming a perfected whole. The genius that created the Gothic cathedral out of stones shaped now into angel and saint, and again into bestial demon, is the genius of William Blake.

Notwithstanding, even a superficial reading of the poems brings its revelation of meaning. Thus *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is manifestly a discussion of the problem of the poet, or creative mind, confronted by the egotism and

materialism of his environment, and in it he asserts with no doubtful voice the necessity for the unconditioned soul to preserve its freedom.

From another point of view, this poem expresses one of Blake's many symbolic portrayals of the fall of man, which consisted, as he tells us, of man's denying the validity of truth gained by imagination and prophetic insight. In *Urizen* an allegoric portrayal of the same theme is given. *Urizen*, the personification of the intellectual qualities of man, becomes Satanic by endeavoring to assert entire dominion over the emotional and inspirational elements, thereby plunging the world into scientific materialism. In *The Daughters of Albion* and *The Book of Thel* he concerns himself with the tremendous problem of sex: *Oothoon*, in the former, losing her soul's mate and her hope for joy by yielding to passion; *Thel*, on the other hand, reaches at last her grave after a life forlorn and unproductive, because she has denied the fact of sex and glorified in her virginity.

It must not be understood, however, that Blake's symbolism is always as easy to interpret as in these instances; the truth is often obscured by veil on veil of mystery. In many cases, indeed, the same symbol stands for many things.

Thus, the figure of Los personifies the creative and shaping energy in the universe, then the sun, again prophetic power or inspiration and finally Blake himself.

*(To be concluded in September)*



### *AT TWILIGHT*

*By ESTELLE DUCLO*

A sound of violins upon the air,  
Soft, muted tones stilling my soul's alarms;  
A flush of crimson spreading everywhere,—  
And she, my best beloved, in my arms.

A wondrous star, impatient for the night,  
Glitters resplendent in the western sky,  
Luring the darkness to the lingering light,—  
Fair Venus!—symbol of our love, on high.

Her lips against my own,—a petaled cup  
From which I quaff a subtle, fiery draught;  
Her eyes with longing, ever looking up,—  
While music sweet, the quivering breezes waft.

Rare perfumes mingling with each rapturous breath  
That stays the life within our eager hearts;  
Oh, with what ecstasy we call on Death  
To add the triumph which his touch imparts!

For, we have reached the purpling heights of bliss,  
Naught, naught is lacking of the perfect whole;—  
There is no thought of life transcending this;  
Song, Love, and Nature,—*we*, bound soul to soul!

*AN ORIENTAL SUNSET**By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

The sun's last fiery beam  
Has faded into a dream  
Of orange and cinnabar,  
Wherein a single star  
Burns with an opaline  
Irradiancy divine.  
Each slender minaret  
Lifts like a spear of jet,  
And the rapt muezzin's call  
Drifts down the massive wall  
Into the crowded khans,  
And out where the caravans  
Have bivouaced, wrapt in calm,  
Under acacia and palm.

Where there was chaffer and din  
Smooth silence has slipped in;  
Violet, rose, and musk  
Attar the purple dusk;  
Where the boughs of the citron meet  
There is zither-tinkle sweet;  
In the sherbet-chalice, lo,  
A crystal shimmer of snow!  
While the Shiraz wine in the cup  
Glints as it bubbles up.  
Then, as the glamour fails,  
The ambushed nightingales  
Pour in the ear of night  
Their lyrics of delight,  
Till the heart's most tender chord  
Is touched, and Love is lord.

*FROM THE LETTERS OF EDWARD  
FITZGERALD*

*By EDWARD P. MORTON*

The moderate-sized volume of *Letters by Edward Fitzgerald*, which Mr. Aldis Wright selected, tells us much about the man's interest in others, but strangely little about himself or his works. One is tempted to call his editor too scrupulous, for, if he has suppressed the more personal letters, he has made no sign, so that we cannot tell whether the reticence we find is author's or editor's. For instance, a footnote to Fitzgerald's first letter to Bernard Barton, reads: "The Quaker Poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter Fitzgerald afterwards married." Later in the letters we find occasional mention of "my wife," but at the end of the volume know neither when Fitzgerald married, nor if his wife outlived him. It is disappointing, too, to find absolutely nothing of importance about Omar. However, there is compensation in many a shrewd comment, and above all in the constant revelation of Fitzgerald's quick sympathy and loyal friendship.

Of Tennyson, Fitzgerald spoke often. In 1838 he wrote to Bernard Barton:

We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll, and very wayward: and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning with pipes in our mouths: at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking; and so to bed.

Again, in 1849:

A. T. has near a volume of poems — elegiac — in memory of Arthur Hallam. Don't you think the world wants other notes than elegiac now? *Lycidas* is the utmost length an elegiac should reach. But Spedding praises: and I suppose the elegiacs will see daylight, public daylight, one day.

After *In Memoriam* was published, Fitzgerald wrote to Frederic Tennyson:

His poem I never did greatly affect: nor can I learn to do so: it is full of finest things, but it is monotonous, and has that air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order.

and a little later:

Had I Alfred's voice, I would not have mumbled for years over *In Memoriam* and the *Princess*, but sung such strains as would have revived *Μαραθωηομαχούς ἄνδρας* to guard the territory they had won. What can *In Memoriam* do but make us all sentimental?

Of James Spedding, Fitzgerald wrote:

Old Spedding was delicious there; always leaving a mark, as I say, in all places one has been at with him, a sort of Platonic perfume. For has he not all the beauty of the Platonic Socrates, with some personal Beauty to

boot? He explained to us one day about the laws of reflection in water: and I said then one could never look at the willow whose branches furnished the text without thinking of him. How beastly this reads! As if he gave us a lecture! But you know the man, how quietly it all came out: only because I petulantly denied his plain assertion. For I really often cross him only to draw him out; and vain as I may be, he is one of those that I am well content to make shine at my own expense.

In 1881, after Spedding's death, he wrote:

My dear old Spedding, though I have not seen him these twenty years and more, and probably should never see again; but he lives, his old Self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished; for he is but the same that he was from a Boy, all that is best in Heart and Head, a man that would be incredible had not one known him.

Of Thackeray, he said:

Thackeray is progressing greatly in his line: he publishes a novel in numbers—*Vanity Fair*—which began dull, I thought: but gets better every number, and has some very fine things indeed in it.

I have seen Thackeray three or four times. He is just the same. All the world admires *Vanity Fair*; and the Author is courted by Dukes and Duchesses, and wits of both sexes. I like *Pendennis* much: and Alfred said he thought it was quite delicious: it seemed to him so *ma*ture, he said. You can imagine Alfred's saying this over one's fire, spreading his great hand out.

And after Thackeray's death:

Frederick Tennyson sent me a Photograph of W. M. T. old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his Library.

I am surprised almost to find how much I am thinking of him: so little as I had seen him for the last ten years; not once for the last five. I had been told—by you, for one—that he was spoiled. I am glad therefore that I have scarce seen him since he was 'old Thackeray.' I keep reading his *Newcomes* of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my Room, as in old Charlotte Street, etc., thirty years ago.

To Lawrence, who had sent a copy of his portrait of Thackeray he wrote:

I found your two Letters: and then your Box. When I had unscrewed the last screw, it was as if a Coffin's Lid were raised: there was the Dead Man. I took him up to my Bedroom: and when morning came, he was there—reading; alive, and yet dead.

Of Trollope, Fitzgerald wrote:

I have been very glad to find I could take to a Novel again, in Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, etc., not perfect, like Miss Austen: but then so much wider Scope: and perfect enough to make me feel I know the People though caricatured or carelessly drawn.

Especially in his later years, Fitzgerald had a passion for Scott's novels, and had his reader read them to him—deliberately and leisurely, for fear they wouldn't last until his death.

In 1871, he wrote:

I have been reading Sir Walter's *Pirate* again, and am very glad to find how much I like it—that is speaking far below the mark—I may say how I wonder and delight in

it. I am rejoiced to find that this is so; and I am quite sure that it is not owing to my old prejudice, but to the intrinsic merit and beauty of the Book itself. With all its faults of detail, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearian Daylight over it all, and all with no Effort, and—a lot else that one may be contented to feel without having to write an Essay about.

In the same year he wrote to W. F. Pollock :

Can't you send me your paper about the Novelists? As to which is the best of all I can't say: that Richardson (with all his twaddle) is better than Fielding, I am quite certain. There is nothing at all comparable to Lovelace in all Fielding, whose characters are common and vulgar types; of Squires, Ostlers, Lady's maids, etc., very easily drawn. I am equally sure that Miss Austen cannot be third, any more than first or second: I think you were rather drawn away by a fashion when you put her there and really old Spedding seems to me to have been the stag whom so many followed in that fashion. She is capital as far as she goes: but she never goes out of the Parlour; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility and swear a round Oath or two. I must think the *Woman in White*, with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit Philology is done: it composes him, like Gruel: or like Paisiello's Music, which Napoleon liked above all other, because he said it didn't interrupt his Thoughts.

I have been reading Shakespeare's Sonnets: and I believe I am unprejudiced when I say, I had but half an idea of him, Demigod as he seemed before, till I read them carefully. How can Hazlitt call Warton's the finest sonnets? There is the air of labour and pedantry in his. But Shakespeare's are perfectly simple, and have

the very essence of tenderness that is only to be found in the best parts of his *Romeo and Juliet* besides. I have truly been lapped in these sonnets for some time: they seem all stuck about my heart, like the ballads that used to be on the walls of London.

I am reading Pindar now and then: I don't much care about him I must say: though I suppose he is the very best writer in the Poet Laureate style: that is, writing on occasion for so much money.

It is wonderful how *The Sea* brought up this Appetite for Greek: it likes to be called *φάλασσα* and *πόντος* better than the wretched word "Sea," I am sure: and the Greeks (especially Aeschylus—after Homer) are full of Sea-faring Sounds and Allusions. I think the murmur of the Aegean (if that is their sea) wrought itself into their Language. How is it the Icelandic (which I read is our Mother Tongue) was not more Poluphloisboi-ic?

In 1844, he wrote to Frederic Tennyson:

There is a dreadful vulgar ballad, composed by Mr. Balf. and sung with the most unbounded applause by Miss Rainforth,

'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble Halls,'

which is sung and organed at every corner in London. I think you may imagine what kind of flowing & time of the last degree of imbecility it is. The words are written by Mr. Bunn! *Arcades ambo.*

And again, in 1850:

If you print any poems, I especially desire you will transmit them to me. I wish I was with you to consider about these: for though I cannot write poems, you know I consider that I have the old woman's faculty of judging of them: yes, much better than much cleverer and wiser

men ; I pretend to no Genius, but to taste: which, according to my aphorism, is the feminine of Genius.

I dare say I have may told you what Tennyson said of the Sistine Child, which he then knew only by Engraving. He first thought the expression of his Face (as also the Attitude) almost too solemn, even for the Christ within. But some time after, when A. T. was married, and had a Son, he told me that Raffaelle was all right: that no Man's face was so solemn as a Child's, full of Wonder. He said one morning that he watched his Babe 'worshiping the Sunbeam on the Bedpost and Curtain.'

I also read Hayley's *Life of Romney* the other day. Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter: but his ideal was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and, because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage spoilt an artist, almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life: when, old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him, and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures: even as a matter of Art, I am sure.

*"COME IN THE SPEAKING SILENCE  
OF A DREAM!"*

*By FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE*

Now softly fall the clouds upon the hill;  
The redwing's rippling cadence is more brief;  
A pensive hush the waiting air doth fill,  
And silence falls about the flower and leaf.

Loved One, if you were here!

The birds of morning miss your blithesome tone,  
The wayside roses miss your lightsome touch,  
The columbine doth wear her grace alone,  
The sibilant, hid springs moan overmuch.

Loved One, if you were here!

Would I not fold you fondly to my heart?  
So oft in dream keep tryst these lives of ours!  
My life would bloom again, and temperate Art  
Change into noble toil these fruitless hours,

Loved One, if you were here!

For you are true of all the dreams I dream;—  
The perfect melody that ever thrills  
To quiet life's wild struggle; or a gleam  
Beyond the shambles, as of restful hills.

Loved One, I feel you here!

## Recent Publications

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HOWARD PYLE.—*Stolen Treasure*. Four stories of free-booters and treasure-chests told in the simple, straightforward style that will hold the interest of the young readers for whom they were, in a sense, written, although many an "old boy" may pass a pleasant hour in their perusal. The book is illustrated from the author's own drawings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1907.

HAMLIN GARLAND.—*The Long Trail*. A wholesome story of the adventures that befall a young man in his "strike" for gold in the Klondike. The hero and his "trailer" friend will win the heart of any boy with love for the open and an ambition to make his way. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.—*The Brass Bowl*. Not a dull moment in this exceedingly clever story of New York of to-day. From the appearance of the mysterious grey lady on "Mad Maitland's" steps to that charming 'phone dialogue of the closing chapter, the reader is carried swiftly on in this tale of mistaken identity, gentleman and burglar, broker and thief, club-life and country-life. It is not a great book in the sense of literature; it is, however, a capital tale, well written and well planned. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1907.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY—*Needles and Pins*. Villon in drama, Villon in romance! Surely the readers of *If I Were King* will hail with delight this story of the mad François. Like his hero the author has caught the mental intoxication of the early chronicles, and recounts the strange doings of his master poet and thief, now Lord of Poitou and suzerain of Vaucelles-les-Tours, in a manner and style that suggests their naïve and poetic charm. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

M. E. M. DAVIS.—*The Price of Silence*. While only the Prologue to this beautiful tale of modern New Orleans

falls in the early sixties of last century, there is an ever present echo of those days of stately splendor and sweet gentility in these young descendants of those who lived *dans le temps*. Interesting characters that one would like to know live in this book of delightful setting whose *couleur locale* is of indescribable charm. The book has a cover design of rare taste. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907.

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the common taste and the stage of his time. Through apt citations and frequent illustrations the author has admirably visualized for us Shakespeare's environment, giving to the reader and teacher of the great English dramatist an indispensable book. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

*Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne (1781—1814)*, edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. In these days of much edited *Memoirs* it is a delight to pick up, in an idle hour, such a book as this. Written seventy years ago and destined to surprise some rainy afternoon a nephew when chance might direct his steps to the place where it lay on the shelves in the Ponchartrain library, the manuscript, with extracts from which we are already familiar, has finally been given to the world by the editor, into whose hands it was given by her grand-nephew, last Marquis d'Osmond, for this purpose. If the *grandes dames* of the *ancien régime* knew the art of letter-writing, those of the days of Mme. de Staël knew how to talk. Of this time was the Comtesse de Boigne, and her *Memoirs* have all the charm of "chatter" as she tells the story of her life and reveals the lights and shadows in the lives of the great men and women who made history at this time in France. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

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